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the exhibition promises to be one of unusual merit. In the case of a number of the best of the younger artists, their pictures this year appear to be realizations of the "promises" shown by their pictures in the past. I know at least a dozen young men, who have sent to the Academy, this year, unmistakably the best work they have ever done.

There are several reasons why the number of pictures sent to the Academy this year is larger than ever before. In the first place, the Hallgarten and Clarke Exhibition prizes have had considerable influence in the matter; then the rule that "any Associate failing to exhibit for two years in succession shall forfeit his membership," has brought in a large number of works from Associates who have exhibited very irregularly in the past few years; but aside from both of these causes, it is also a fact that the number of artists in this country is constantly increasing, and that each year, for several years back, there has been a marked increase in the number of works sent to the Academy, over the number sent in the previous year.

THE ART UNION EXHIBITION.

THE attendance at the Art Union Exhibition, during the past month, has been fair during the pleasant weather and small on the unpleasant days. As the days have been dark and unpleasant for the most part, the average attendance has been comparatively small. A number of new pictures have been received, and "On the Classic Beargrass," by Carl C. Brenner, of Louisville, Ky.—illustrated in the last number of THE ART UNION—has recently been sold. Among the new oil pictures received may be mentioned "Psyche," by Walter Satterlee; "A Rocky Pasture," Virginia Granbery; "Interior of Ann Hathaway's Cottage," L. M. Wiles; "Autumn Gatherings," H. A. Granbery; "Wild Flowers," Julia Dillon; "Love Among the Quakers," F. Schuchardt, Jr.; "Near the Coast, New Jersey," M. De Forest Bolmer; "Near St. Augustine, Fla.," G. H. McCord; "Autumn," Widgery Griswold; "Near the Sea," Peter Moran, and "A Summer Afternoon in Ulster County, N. Y.," Kruseman Van Elten. The following works have also been added to the water color collection: "Indian Summer," by R. M. Shurtleff; "Uncle Primus," and "An Old Furnace in Ulster County," by Mary Kollack, and "The Surf at Southampton," "Sunset," "Isle of Shoals," "Willows at Newburyport," "Apple Blossoms," and "An Orchard, Southampton," by A. T. Bricher.

INCREASE OF MEMBERSHIP.

AT a recent meeting of the Board of Control of THE ART UNION, eight active members were elected:

A. M. FARNHAM, Newburgh, N. Y.
WILLIAM MAGRATH, Washington, D. C.,
CHARLES LANMAN, Washington, D. C.,
W. L. SHEPPARD, Richmond, Va.,
W. F. LANSIL, Dorchester, Mass.,
J. A. S. MONKS, New York,
J. WILLIAM PATTISON, New York,
DAVID NEAL, Munich.

FRAUDS IN ART.

—SECOND PAPER.—

THE Dumas-Trouillebert-Corot matter, to which reference was made last month in this connection, is not yet ended. Although the picture was fairly traced back to the studio of Trouillebert, its course thitherward has been interrupted, and various legal complications are liable to grow out of this interruption. It will be remembered that M. Dumas bought the picture from M. Georges Petit, a well-known dealer, for twelve thousand francs, and that after the greatly-worshipped Corot had turned out to be merely a Trouillebert, he returned it to the dealer and received back his money. M. Petit had bought the picture from Tedesco Brothers, prominent dealers, for nine thousand francs, and he in turn took back the picture to the Tedescos and received his nine thousand francs again. Tedesco Brothers then published a card, stating that they had bought the picture from M. Cordeil, a picture restorer, and Cordeil explained that the picture had been left with him by a M. De Beum, in 1880; that he did not pretend to expert knowledge of modern pictures, and had sold the work, through a M. Kiewert, to Tedesco Brothers for four thousand francs,—of which he and Kiewert each received two hundred francs as commission for the sale. M. De Beum, whoever he is, is not to be found, neither can be discovered the man who sold him the picture. However, M. Trouillebert is able to show that he sold this identical picture, seven or eight years ago, to M. Voisinot, a colorman of the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, for three hundred francs. M. Voisinot, after keeping it in his window for a year or two (all the while bearing the signature "Trouillebert,") sold it to a M. Rose for four hundred francs. M. Rose is not to be found. Between the time that M. Rose bought the picture, however, and the time the Tedescos sold it to M. Petit, the transformation of the word "Trouillebert" into the word "Corot" took place, by which simple miracle the value of the painting appreciated from four hundred francs to nine thousand!

But now comes the interesting portion of this remarkable story. When the Tedescos discovered that the person from whom they had bought the picture through Cordeil was not to be found, they looked at the picture again, and concluded that it was really a Corot, after all, and that Trouillebert was a wicked falsifier to claim that he had painted it, and that the friends of Trouillebert who asserted that they had seen him paint it were also devoid of truthfulness. Trouillebert himself then came forward and filed a petition to have the picture sequestered until three experts should agree that it was really his instead of Corot's, when he should request authority to re-establish his own signature. He also claimed heavy damages.

The case came up before the courts some time ago, but a serious hitch occurred in the proceedings. The artist Gérôme, chosen as an expert, for a referee, refused to act, and then M. Cléry, who was to plead for Tedesco Brothers, refused the brief. It now seems somewhat doubtful whether or not the case will get before the court.

Some time ago, however, the famous ex-auctioneer, Pillet, and the dealer Bague, were proposed for referees by the Tedescos; and M. Oudinot, a former pupil of Corot, who is now believed to be in this country, was proposed by Trouillebert, who demanded, in addition, his right to introduce witnesses to prove that the picture was really painted by him. He also persisted in his claim for damages.

In referring to this matter, recently, the correspondent of the New York *Sun* says :

In presence of the obstinacy of all parties, and their apparently firmly rooted and contradictory convictions, it is hard to see how the matter will be finally settled. M. Edmond About, in referring to this dispute, has hazarded a criticism of Corot and Daubigny which will shock a good many amateurs. I extract the few lines that contain the pith of M. About's opinion :

" If Corot, Daubigny, and the other fashionable landscapists had been true draughtsmen, if the best part of their talent had not been on the surface, if they did not seduce the public by qualities of pure *chic*, easy to counterfeit, the fabricators of false pictures would not take the trouble to produce false Corots and false Daubignys. The fact is, it is impossible to counterfeit a true writer as it is impossible to counterfeit a true draughtsman. Old Corot had qualities of a secondary order, which I appreciate as they deserve, but which are not inimitable, and which seem to invite fraud, since both the glory of the modest artist and the salable value of his work have been so overrated. The cleverest forgers would not risk themselves in the affair if Corot had known how to draw—I do not say like Raphael or even like M. Cabanel, but simply like Theodore Rousseau."

Worse and worse for the thousands of good Americans who have invested large sums of money in pictures bearing the name of Corot ! Not only are they told that the probability is that their treasures are not genuine, but here comes one of the most prominent of the French critics to tell them that Corot's pictures are not worth so very, very much, even when they are unmistakably genuine !

Before taking leave, for a time, of the foreign picture frauds, a brief quotation from the London *Truth* will fit in appropriately :

Several years ago Mlle. Dosne, of Paris, offered to the State the Thiers collection of original pictures and bronzes, on condition that a room in the Louvre Palace should contain them. After some demur, this was at last conceded. But it has now been discovered that scarcely any of the pictures are genuine, and that the Japanese and other bronzes alone are worthy of having a place in the Louvre—a fact of which Mlle. Dosne, of course, refuses to take cognizance.

So it seems that even President Thiers got into the hands of the Philistines to some extent.

AMERICAN PICTURE FRAUDS.

We will now come across the water, and take a general look over the various species of picture frauds perpetrated in our own country. Of the fraudulent pictures that are imported into this country much might be written ; the number of such as have been brought over and sold at a profit varying from one hundred to a thousand per cent., is probably almost beyond computation.

There are four classes of pictures which offer inducements of large profits to dishonest dealers, and which the inexpert picture buyer will do well to look out for. These are :

I.—Fictitious pictures bearing the names of celebrated artists,—close imitations in the manner of the artists whose

names they bear. Pictures of this *most* dangerous character are obtained by dealers in three ways :

(a.) From professional picture forgers ;—in which case they are duly signed and oftentimes "authenticated" by means of forged receipts and other documents. These are the most expensive to the dealer.

(b.) From students of various celebrated masters, who have acquired many of the characteristics of their masters' methods. Such pictures, when purchased, bear the names of the students, which are subsequently transformed into those of the masters. These pictures are the very cheapest of their class, to the dealer.

(c.) From artists who unconsciously paint very much in the manner of men whose works they admire, yet who have never been their pupils. Pictures by such men can be bought at low prices and re-signed. In this division, pictures like the Trouillebert-Corot may be classed.

II.—Fictitious pictures in which an artist's style is imitated, and in which his name also is imitated, instead of being signed literally. The American picture market is simply flooded with pictures of this class, it seeming to be the impression among certain dealers that the misspelling of a name is sufficient defence, from a legal point of view, from a charge of forgery.

III.—Fictitious pictures which are exact copies of the minor works of prominent artists and signed by their names. Pictures of this class are less common than the preceding, because there is more chance of their detection.

It is an easy matter for a picture dealer to purchase a painting from an artist, pay for it, and receive the artist's receipt for the payment (describing the picture paid for) ; it is also an easy matter for the dealer to have copies of this picture painted and to show the receipt given by the artist for the genuine work in order to establish the "authenticity" of the copies. The dealer can thus sell a number of copies—so they only go into neighborhoods remote from each other—and can "authenticate" them all by the single receipt given by the artist for the pay for the genuine picture. This is not an unusual performance among dealers of a certain class.

IV.—Fictitious pictures with purely fictitious names. These are pictures painted hastily by professional artists—and artists not always of the lowest class, either,—for which they can usually obtain small sums of ready money, "to keep the pot boiling." While possessing sufficient merit to enable them to find a market, these are not pictures to which the painters would be willing to attach their signatures, so names are invented to suit the respective characters of the sketches. If the little "*chic*" bears a Netherlandish suggestiveness either in subject or treatment, a good strong double Dutch parentage is invented for it; if it is a not-too-modest sketch from a female model, it is signed by a name with unmistakably French accents; and if it is full of light, with dots of bright color sprinkled through it plentifully, its signature will bear marks of unmistakably Spanish origin. These pictures are usually disposed of in auction sales, though they are occasionally

met with in the galleries of "reputable" dealers. They are not good, but "clever," and they often give the dealer a respectable percentage of profit on his investment. Often-times one may find these fictitious names fairly burdened with foreign honors and decorations in the dealers' catalogues, and some of them become so well known that the fictitious painter may be said to acquire a recognized identity. It is a fact that a certain artist who, for a time, painted a certain number of "*chics*" of a certain class, which he always signed by the same fictitious name, actually made the artist of his invention a reputation, so that his pictures and the characteristics of his style came to be written about by several wise critics, who saw in the (evidently) young man, "much promise."

wholesale. But let us look into the *atelier* of a picture factory.

We are in a long room in an upper loft of a tall building. There are windows at either end, but no skylights. From one end of the room to the other are stretched long bits of muslin of varying widths, and in front of these are young girls "laying in" the groundwork for various pictures. This they do, through *stencil-cards*, with broad brushes. One of them has a can filled with pale yellow; another, from the appearance of her ragged clothing, we see is manipulating a pale blue, and others are tintured with pink, green, and all the colors that belong to the average landscape scheme—for landscapes only are painted here—figure subjects are painted upon regular "stretcher frames." How



AMONG THE MARSHES—PASTEL—BY JULIAN RIX—(DRAWN BY H. P. SHARE.)

IN THE ART UNION EXHIBITION.

There is another, lower, class of pictures, "painted by the yard" and sold to dealers "by the dozen, framed," at prices ranging—at wholesale rates—from ten dollars a dozen upward. But these burlesques upon art are usually only dangerous to a *nouveau riche* or other densely ignorant person; however, placed under a reflector in an auction room, at a sufficient distance from the spectator, to one not accustomed to looking at pictures, they sometimes present a very deceptive, favorable appearance, and their Dutch-metal frames glitter as gorgeously as real gold. It may not be uninteresting to the reader to learn how pictures of this class are manufactured and sold. There are several factories in this city where such pictures are made, and the "industry" is said to be an exceedingly profitable one, even considering the low rates at which the pictures are sold at

many pictures can be produced in this establishment in a day? Well, several hundred, when there is an active demand for so many. But here is another department; here we see a number of vagabondish old men, mostly Germans, putting the "finishing touches" on pictures like those we have seen under way in the other room. The long pieces of muslin, each containing from a dozen to twenty paintings of the same subject, have been cut up, and the separate "pictures" have been tacked upon rough frames. The "masters" of the establishment—who are miserable men who have made failures as artists, or who have considerable imitative ability and dexterity without any ambition or direction—are busily engaged in "filling in" the landscapes; in uniting their parts; in dashing a suggestion of cloud here, an indication of foliage there, and a wooden look-

ing figure somewhere else. They work rapidly? Oh, yes. They must work rapidly and finish a great many of these things in a day, else how could "genuine oil paintings, painted upon canvas" be offered to the trade at "ten dollars a dozen, framed?" These men, however, from painting dozens of pictures of the same subjects acquire great facility and rapidity in their peculiar work. When these "pictures" are dry, they are put in frames made of a saw-dust composition, pressed into shape, and "gilded" with Dutch-metal—a cheap imitation of gold, which, after a time, becomes black.

Ready for the market, the pictures are disposed of in various ways. Some are sent to auction rooms of a low class, here and in other cities; others go to picture dealers in the smaller cities and towns, and others still are "peddled" through the country. Who has not experienced meeting the regulation weather-beaten-looking creature with a huge picture under his arm which is "worth" an untold sum of money, but which the assumed "artist" is willing to dispose of at the merest fraction of its value, in order to save his extraordinarily large family from starving? Offering the picture with a sacrificial air for a large sum of money at the outset, the poor man finally begs you to make him an offer, and if you are so indiscreet as to offer him a very few dollars, you will speedily make a "permanent investment."

It is astonishing how many of these daubs are to be found scattered throughout the country. One often finds them where they apparently might be least expected, and sometimes it is embarrassing when one is called upon to admire such pictures—which have been bought at a high price—and is expected to praise them.

While these very cheap daubs need not necessarily be fraudulent, they usually are. Most of them are sloppy copies of works by well-known artists, and are signed by names resembling those of the artists. I have frequently seen in New York low-class auction rooms, daubs signed "Kenzitt" and "Gifforde"—manifestly copied from paintings by Kensett and Gifford, but copied so badly that no one who has ever seen works by these artists, would ever mistake them for more than vile imitations. But once in a while one who has never seen works by these artists and who does not know anything about art beyond the names of artists, except what he may have read in the newspapers, is inveigled into buying some of this trash. Acquiring it at a low price, he and his friends are led to believe that the works of real artists should cost no more. Thus the artists are damaged, as well as the buyers of the pictures, and the art interests of the country suffer from this, just as literary interests suffer from the publication of much of the vile reading matter that is afloat in these days.

There was for some time an auction room for the sale of "genuine oil paintings on real canvas," in Broadway, near the Grand Central Hotel. This establishment was stocked by a down-town factory whence were turned out some very daring and "ambitious" works. A few anecdotes concerning the methods of this institution may be given further on. Then a year or two ago, there was an almost similar place in Broadway near 28th Street, and even now there is a

periodical fictitious picture auction in Nassau Street, but it does not appear to be very heavily patronized just at present. It is true, the pictures usually all sell, but they sell for the most part as do some foreign pictures of my acquaintance that belong to a certain dealer. I first saw them, a year ago, in an uptown auction room in New York, where they were sold at fair prices—which were published in the newspapers. To my great surprise, I encountered some of these same pictures, or replicas of them, in Louisville and some also in Detroit last summer, still belonging to the same dealer. A few days ago, I found some of the same pictures in another dealer's art sale in New York. Next summer I fear I shall meet them again, if I leave the city. Somehow it seems hard to escape them.

In another paper will be given some anecdotes relating to the manufacture and sale of fictitious pictures in America.

ART IN PRINCETON COLLEGE.

THE growth in the Art interest of the people during the past few years has been something really remarkable, and it has come to be so that a certain amount of Art knowledge is considered almost as essential to the cultured lady or gentleman as a knowledge of general polite literature. In recognition of this fact, Art schools, of more or less value, are springing up all over the country, and even the older institutions of learning are beginning to realize the importance of the Fine Arts in liberal education, and are incorporating Art departments into their college courses.

Only a few evenings ago, Dr. McCosh, President of Princeton College, spoke thus at an alumni dinner:

"I believe that the Fine Arts should have a place in every advanced college. The highest American colleges now have Schools of Art. Our friends have come to the conclusion that if Princeton is to keep up with the other high colleges of the country, it must have such an institution. We have \$60,000 for the endowment of a professorship. Dr. Allen Marquand, the most distinguished scholar of his year in Princeton, and afterwards Fellow in Johns Hopkins University, has been appointed professor. Dr. W. C. Prime, gives his collection of pottery and porcelain, unequaled in this country, as soon as we provide a fire-proof building. The Directors of the school, who are the President of the College, Dr. W. C. Prime, Mr. H. G. Marquand, General McClellan, Mr. Jas. W. Alexander, Rev. Samuel Dod, Mr. Moses T. Pyne, and Mr. W. Earl Dodge, recommend that funds should be sought to erect the wing of an art building capable of being enlarged in future years, and that the school be opened formally in September next."

NEXT MONTH.

Owing to a pressure of other matter, an interesting article on the Schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, of Philadelphia, is held over for the April number of THE ART UNION.